

New Guinea
March 8 1945

My darling Mama:

Evening Time and all is quiet in this quarters. No Mail again today, but I am hopeful for tomorrow.

Two of our men sold some 45 caliber ammunition recently, were apprehended & will shortly face a court martial. I feel sorry for tem, but there is nothing much we can do.

We have a picture of myself instructing the men on current events, but as it is a signed [illegible] picture I can't send it home.

I've just written to Mavis & Leo & Anna Mae, but could think of little to say. I don't know when I've been so devoid of nerves. I should write Mr. McVey.

I am about to start reading Madam Bovary – I think I was about 13 when I it the first time. Lt. Baron has just finished reading it.

Heard over tonight radio that Mrs. McArthur was now in the Philippines. I suppose the closest any one in a Democracy ever became to being a complete dictator is the commanding General of a Theatre. I certainly hope that McArthur continues to head the Pacific War however.

This weather has been unusually pleasant lately – a haze hangs over the valley's in afternoon – We have built a number of huts for our ammo; there are so many in one area of the depot that we call the place, "The valley of the Sheds"

Well mothers this is another short letter but words just don't flow from my pen – Goodnight you sweet person – I worship you

Your ever loving son,

John M. Harrod